

Of Idiots, Coconuts, and Rain Drops That Shatter

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Of Idiots, Coconuts, and Rain Drops That Shatter

by [LightNS](#)

Summary

“Okay. Fine. If you’re soooo sure that you’re not gay. I dare you to date a guy for a week. I’m talking the whole package—kissing, dates, PDA, all the good stuff. If you’re still certain that you’re not gay by the end of the week, I’ll Venmo you a hundred bucks.”

Dream considered the dare carefully. It was easy enough. Sure, he’d probably break some rando’s heart, but he could always find a dude with a crappy dating reputation. He’d get over it pretty quickly. And if it meant finally putting the subject to rest and winning a hundred bucks above that, what did he have to lose? Not to mention, afterward, girls would still be interested in him and he frankly didn’t care about strangers’ opinions of him.

“Fine. I’ll find a guy to date for a week and prove I’m as straight as they come. I hope you have those hundred dollars handy.” Dream’s smile showed off nothing but confidence.

Sapnap’s smirk only widened at his agreement. “No no no, I have one condition.”

“What?”

“You have to date George.”

OR

Sapnap makes a bet, Dream is an idiot, and George is done

Notes

Happy Valentine's Day!

This fic is part of mcyt valentines day ficwrite which I've had the pleasure of being a part of! Hari (netheritedream on tumblr) did such a great job of organizing this event so props to them!

The tropes I've written on are fake dating and university/college au and I hope my date, Jannat (technosoot on tumblr), enjoys this fic as it was written especially for her! I also wish her a beautiful and fantabulous day! :))

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream was a lot of things.

Star quarterback player of his football team? Of course. The ultimate heartthrob whom all the girls swooned over? That was a given. An English major with his name on the Dean's List and a hefty amount of scholarship money? You bet. A confident and competitive popular guy who a lot of people disliked simply because he was "the dream"? Could you really blame him? Dream was a lot of things.

But gay was *not* one of them.

So why did his friends seem to have such a hard time accepting that?

"I'm just saying," Sapnap exclaimed over the blasting party music before taking a swing of his beer bottle. He slumped back on his spot on the sofa, arching both eyebrows and grinning maniacally as he stared at Dream from the other side of the coffee table. His face looked so punchable sometimes Dream had to remind himself he was one of his best friends. "This is your third break up this year alone. You *sure* it's not because you prefer the D?"

Dream scoffed, slamming his empty plastic cup on the table and bringing down the half-finished Jenga tower from the forgotten Drunk Jenga game they'd been playing ten minutes ago. He crossed his arms and offered Sapnap a sly smile. "You sure you don't just want me to admit I'm gay so you can get in my pants?"

A chorus of ooh's erupted from their friends around them. Wilbur who was sitting by Sapnap with a guitar on his lap while strumming some chords and had a random drunk brunette giggling beside him who he'd probably end up rejecting later in the night. Karl who was lying on the ground in between them launching the ball that had taken their team to victory with both hands. Quackity who was staring at the ceiling with a crooked, dazed smile and high as fuck. Techno whose expression still looked as nonchalant as ever despite having drunk the most out of all of them. And a few other forgettable names of randos who wanted in on their conversation.

Sapnap laughed and slumped his legs over the table. "As long as we have our socks on, what's wrong with a little friendly action?"

“Dream might want a little *more* than just friendly action,” Wilbur added, sporting his stupid white-toothed beam that made Dream roll his eyes.

“I don’t get why you’re all so fucking insistent on me being gay. I’ve had loads of girlfriends!”

“Who all dumped you in about a month,” Techno pointed out matter-of-factly. It was the fifth time he’d spoken that night and of course it was solely to roast him.

Dream rolled his eyes, pouting. “Not my fault it hasn’t worked out.”

“What hasn’t worked out?” George asked as he joined them again with a new cup in hand, plopping down on the small space by Dream. Suddenly, he was very well aware of their legs pressed against each other.

Dream swallowed and lied back, releasing an exaggerated groan. “Sapnap won’t drop the gay subject again.”

“That’s because it’s obvious for everyone except for you!”

“Look, what do you want me to do to prove I’m not gay?”

Sapnap narrowed his eyes and the twisted smirk that spread on his face was nothing if not frightening. “Okay. Fine. If you’re *soooo* sure that you’re not gay. I dare you to date a guy for a week. I’m talking the whole package—kissing, dates, PDA, all the good stuff. If you’re still certain that you’re not gay by the end of the week, I’ll Venmo you a hundred bucks.”

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“What?”

“You have to date George.”

George choked on his drink, spilling half of what was in his mouth on both him and Dream. “I have to do what now?”

“Date *George* ?” Dream repeated.

“Mhm. I’ll give you a hundred bucks if you date George and still consider yourself straight by the end of the week.” Sapnap’s smug look just made Dream want to punch him in the face—like he knew Dream would pussy out. That’s the moment he decided he’d do something completely out of character.

“Fine. I’ll date George.”

George cleared his throat, raising a denying finger. “Excuse me. Is nobody going to bother to ask me how I feel about this?”

Sapnap rolled his eyes. “I’ll pay you a hundred bucks if you do it George.”

“A hundred bucks to act all lovey-dovey with this idiot?” George scoffed, slumping back on his spot. “Hell no.”

Dream huffed, slightly offended at the remark. He slid an arm around his shoulders pulled him closer to which George let out an unexpected whine. “Oh come on, you know you’d just *love* to date me, Georgie.”

George’s cheeks turned slightly pink and he opened his mouth to protest, but he was instantly interrupted.

“Plus, George hasn’t had a date in ages,” Karl added with a laugh.

“I’ve been too busy being productive and leading a robotics team.”

“Nah, he’s just using it as an excuse to act hard to get, aren’t you, Gogy?” said Wilbur, a playful smirk on display.

Dream wheezed at the flush that spread over George’s neck and the oddly-adorable pout he was making, like an annoyed little puppy.

George pushed Dream off of him and crossed his arms. “It’s called having *standards* .”

Their friends burst into laughter, making Dream huff out with annoyance. “I’ll be a great boyfriend if you’d have me, Georgie.”

“Then he can dump you like all your past girlfriends,” Techno added, only causing a louder chorus of oh’s.

“Look, George. It’s only one week and think about it, you’ll have Dream wrapped around your finger and doing *everything* you want. Ain’t that a great deal? Getting paid to boss Dream around?”

Dream leaned forward, suddenly a bit more hesitant about the dare. “Okay now I didn’t say I’d-”

“Make it one-fifty and I’ll think about it.”

“One-fifty on the table.” Sapnap grinned, glancing mischievously at Dream.

George sighed. “Fine.”

“So it’s settled.” Sapnap announced proudly while clapping his hands slowly. “Everyone congratulate our new happy couple!”

Dream rolled his eyes as all their friends burst into cheers. When he glanced at George who still seemed hesitant about their dumb agreement, he only chuckled and put an arm around his waist, pressing him into the crook of his neck and pressing his nose into George’s hair. His eyelids drooped shut and he gained a whiff of George’s coconut-scented shampoo, arising a pleasant warmth in his chest. He smiled gently against his friend’s hair, already envisioning Sapnap’s dumb shocked expression when Dream told him he was, indeed, still straight by the end of the week.

Dream was only pretending to date his best friend after all. How hard could it really be?

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It wasn't that gay people bothered him. On the contrary, gay people were awesome. He had loads of gay friends!

Two of his closest friends, Ant and Red, were gay, and as a couple, they constantly made googly eyes for each other not to mention PDA wasn't a stranger to them. Eret, another one of his friends, was openly bisexual and owned it like a king. Niki and Puffy, two recent friends he'd met through Wilbur, were both bisexual and dating. And then there was, of course, George, who had come out as gay only a few years ago after breaking up unexpectedly with his first and last girlfriend.

Gay people didn't bother him. Of course not! He didn't even mind when strangers confused him and George as a gay couple (which he frankly never understood. George and him were really close and sure he enjoyed scooping the latter up at random times to annoy him while they were walking around campus or there'd been a couple of times where they'd fallen asleep in each other's arms in the library after long nights of studying during midterm season, but it wasn't like those were exclusive to romantic relationships).

But the problem was Dream wasn't gay, and yet most of his friends seemed to be unconvinced of the fact—Sapnap being the biggest perpetrator. At first, it had turned into an inside joke between them that Dream admittedly found kind of funny. But as time went on and more of their friends jumped in on the joke, it became less funny and more annoying. And even though Dream continuously emphasized he wasn't gay (he'd already dated like five girls throughout his three years in college), Sapnap and everyone else had only seemed to grow more convinced that he was, and Dream had no idea why. It'd gotten to the point where more guys started asking him out than girls. He didn't mind the attention. It was flattering, of course.

But God damn it, Dream wasn't gay! So why didn't anyone seem to believe him?

So he'd taken the dare.

He'd taken the dare if it meant proving to his friends that he wasn't gay once and for all. And the more he thought about it, the more he realized George was probably the perfect person for the job. He already knew his friend didn't harbor any secret feelings for him, and he certainly knew he didn't feel anything toward him. Not to mention people already confused them for a couple a lot of the time, and George was probably the person he was most comfortable acting affectionate toward (despite George being indifferent to his affection or annoyed by it most of the time but that was the fun of it).

By the end of the week, he'd have a hundred more dollars in his pocket and Sapnap would finally drop the topic.

Thus, when he saw George exit from the Technology building first thing Monday morning, the first day of their arrangement, Dream's expression brightened and he instinctively embraced George tightly and muttered, "Morning, babe. How was your class?"

George, naturally, tensed up at the action, and when Dream pulled away, he noticed his dazed, half-asleep face. He laughed lightly and rubbed his arms, holding him close enough that he could smell George's minty breath.

"I—" George muttered, his confusion slowly morphing into realization. "Why are you doing this right now? Sapnap's not around."

Dream shrugged and offered him a crooked smile. "Practice. Plus, you're going to report back to

Sapnap at the end of the week and he did say we have to convince *everyone* we're dating." He nodded toward a group of students whispering by the benches and stealing glances at them.

George looked unimpressed. He stepped around him to make his way to the library where he spent most of his time in between classes. Dream smoothly slid his arm over his shoulder and George did little to protest.

"So are you ready for our date tomorrow?"

"Date?" George raised both eyebrows. "Where are we going?"

Dream grinned, pressing him closer to his side and rubbing his nose into his brown locks when a few people walked by. "Obviously taking you on a trip to Cancun where we'll rent a beautiful house by the beach and watch the sunset after eating a five-star dinner cooked by Gordon Ramsay."

George whined in protest, slightly pushing him away after the group had passed them. "Sounds awful."

"I try to be the best boyfriend and this is how you treat me," Dream complained while sporting a cocky smile and a playful twinkle in his eyes. Teasing George had always been one of his favorite past times. Sometimes it turned into a competition of how red he could make his friend turn.

"That's because you're an awful boyfriend."

"Oh come on."

"Seriously, where are we going?" George groaned.

Dream's grin widened. "Just wait."

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"*This* is your idea of a date?"

They stood outside the gates of the annual fair. The sounds of people screaming as they rode one of the rollercoasters, kids cackling as they played the games, a baby wailing, and gamekeepers shouting out drowned the air. A whiff of funnel cake mixed with turkey legs and other sweet and salty treats, permeated the air pleasantly.

Next to him, George buried his hands inside the pockets of his jacket and exhaled a cloud of mist from the chilly evening air. He looked unimpressed.

"It'll be fun!" With a huge beam, Dream grasped his hand and pulled him toward the ticket booth. After purchasing the tickets, he dragged him through the crowd. Although he knew George didn't enjoy big crowds, he figured he'd forgive him after he showed him what he had planned.

"Why couldn't we have just gone somewhere more quiet?"

"Don't knock it 'till you try it, Georgie." Dream flashed him a smile as they weaved through the mass of heads until finally, they arrived at a more secluded and people-free corner of the park.

“Where are we-” George stopped in his tracks, mouth agape as he stared at the building.

“Well?”

They stood before a small arcade called Johnny's they used to visit every summer they visited the fair back when they were younger. A few years back, it had closed down indefinitely after a small fire had caused the sprinkles to go off and cause irreparable damage to the machines. They'd been heartbroken seeing as it was their favorite place to hang out. It was only recently that Dream had found out it had reopened, and although it wasn't as popular as it once was, the place unlocked delightful memories that had been pressed to the back of his mind.

“I- How did you know?”

Dream's beam widened when he spotted the faint spark of recollection in his eyes. “It crossed my mind while I was looking for date ideas and I found out they reopened.”

George scoffed, somewhat surprised. “You were looking for date ideas?”

Dream tilted his head slightly and replied, “Yeah, why wouldn't I be?”

At George's reddening face, Dream snickered and took his hand, guiding him inside. The place doubled as a pizza buffet, though seeing as there were other more known places to eat, there weren't a lot of people inside, leaving them with enough space to switch around through the machines at their leisure.

For a few hours, they shared laughter and bright smiles as they switched through old games and new ones alike, betting quarters and snacks, their hands brushing every so often and Dream wrapping his arms around George as he stood behind him sometimes, bringing up the excuse that he'd spotted a guy from their age wearing their college shirt (which was only half true considering he had been wearing their college shirt but he didn't really seem that young).

Every time, George whined in protest, but he didn't fight his hold, at least not as much as he used to. Dream enjoyed burying his nose in George's hair as he watched him shoot starships and battle ninjas, his eyes furrowed and his bottom lip stuck between his teeth in deep concentration. George looked adorable.

They eventually took a break, settling at one of the back tables and sharing a large pizza, chatting and cackling as they brought up old memories.

After some time, George asked, “How's Sapnap going to know we went on a date?”

Dream thought for a second before an idea came to him, and he smirked. Slipping his phone from his pocket, he got up and slid into the spot next to George. Dream took him by surprise when he hooked his arm over his shoulder and pressed a kiss to the side of his face, snapping a photo and capturing the baffled red-faced expression that made him wheeze like there was no tomorrow.

“You can be quiet now, it wasn't that funny...” George muttered after a few minutes of Dream trying to compose himself.

“Your face- it was so- why were you so surprised?” he managed between laughter.

George rolled his eyes and turned away, his cheeks still a light pink that made the inside of Dream's chest tickle. Why did he look so cute like that?

“You just caught me off-guard,” he mumbled, taking a bite of his pizza.

Dream returned to his seat with a big grin and proceeded to post the picture on his Instagram with only a smiley face as the caption. He huffed when he saw Sapnap like the post almost instantly and comment ‘ *get a room* .’ It was followed shortly by Karl commenting ‘ *congrats lovebirds!* ’ and Quackity writing ‘ *that’s so gaaay* .’

Dream snorted and slid his phone back into his pocket, glancing over at George who was strangely quiet and whose eyes were looking everywhere but at him. *Odd* , he thought.

“Come on, let’s head to our next stop.” Dream offered his hand after getting up.

George scanned him suspiciously. “It’s getting kinda late. Where are we going?”

Dream only smiled, arising a groan out of George who hesitantly took his hand and let himself be led out of the building, though not before Dream bought him a pair of clout glasses with the tickets he’d won (George only bought a few pieces of candy they shared on their way out).

“A Ferris wheel? Didn’t you already get your picture?” George complained when Dream finally halted.

“Oh come on. It’s for us! I haven’t ridden a Ferris wheel in years!”

“Really? You don’t bring your girlfriends?”

The comment took Dream by surprise, though not so much the words themselves but instead the tone George had used—almost spiteful. Dream was about to mention it when George groaned and pulled them toward the line.

“Whatever. Let’s just get in.”

Dream chuckled. “Why are you acting so... weird?”

George huffed and crossed his arms, an adorable pout playing out on his expression. “I’m not.”

“Mhm.”

Once in their seats and once the wheel started turning, they settled into a comfortable silence, Dream pointing out buildings in the distance every so often. Although there was enough space in the cart, Dream couldn’t help but lean a little closer, his hand brushing George’s every so often. He blamed it on the cold, though a part of him admitted it simply felt nice to be near his best friend. They hadn’t gone out on their own in a long time, mostly because they were both really busy with their own classes, work, and hobbies.

Dream had missed this. He missed him.

“So, what did you think of the date?”

George shrugged.

“Come on, you have to admit I make a pretty good *boyfriend* .” The words came out slightly softer than he intended them to, and he thought he felt George shiver at that, but he quickly blamed it on the chilly air.

“It was... decent, I guess.”

“Just decent?”

George shrugged, turning to look up at him with a playful smirk, the distance between their faces barely a few inches, so close Dream could feel his breath brushing his chin lightly. “I rate it... a 4/10.”

Dream let out an offended scoff, pursing his lips and leaning all the bit closer. “A 4/10? Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

He tilted his head and regarded him with an impish smirk. “What would I have to do to make it better?”

George was quiet for a second, and Dream swore he saw his eyes glance at his lips for a split second, but he blamed it on his overactive imagination. After all, why would George want to kiss *him* ?

“Not sure if you really can. Maybe you’re just not as good a boyfriend as you think you are.”

“ *Oh Really?* ” Confidently, he leaned forward, their noses brushing and the tickling sensation of George’s breath grazing his lips drawing him closer.

George’s breath hitched, and for a second, he almost thought he saw him lean closer the tiniest amount. For just a second, he was entranced by his chocolate eyes, the way they sparkled with a foreign emotion in the luminescence of the fair lights. The whiff of sweet blueberry escaping his mouth from the candy they’d shared earlier. The way his breath caressed his lips and warmed him in a way not even the most intimate kiss he’d shared with his girlfriends did. His plush, pink lips seeking embrace.

But the feeble second they spent in closeness broke when George pulled back, his eyes glazed over with a strange panic that made Dream’s stomach swirl with guilt. He frowned. Had he taken the joke too far?

George turned his face away, and Dream opened his mouth to apologize, but nothing came out. The rest of the ride was quiet, and when they exited the cart, Dream noticed George put a bit of distance in between them, at least compared to the way they’d basically been hand-in-hand or their sides flushed against each other every time Dream slid his arm around his shoulders the whole time.

It wasn’t until Dream dropped George off at his apartment and he drove back to his house that he really contemplated the events of the night. The odd swirl expanding in his gut, both familiar yet unfamiliar at the same time. It wasn’t like they’d never been that close before. Hell, they’d even fallen asleep cuddling together and he’d awoken with George’s cheek pressed against his and his arms encased around him below the blankets on movie nights with their friends more times than Dream could remember.

So why had this felt so much more... intimate? Why had Dream felt this surreal pull toward George unlike anything he’d felt for anyone else? Sure, they were best friends. But was this how best friends acted? Could it be that...

No. It couldn’t be. Because Dream wasn’t gay.

He’d come to terms with that fact ages ago when someone had first mistaken him for George’s boyfriend when he’d dropped him off at the clinic once and he hadn’t been able to sleep asking himself whether he secretly harbored feelings for his best friend (which he had decided was a no

after he'd made a comprehensive list of why it would be a horrendous idea for them to even date, why George was nothing like his past girlfriends and all the reasons why George would never even come to like someone like him). He'd come to terms with that fact in sixth grade when he'd mentioned off-handedly that the new boy in their class was sort of attractive during gym class when his past friends had made fun of him for it. He'd come to terms with that fact in third grade when he'd first seen a gay couple at the grocery store and his mom had scoffed and muttered something about how disgusting it was.

He came to terms with it that same night when he slipped under his covers and closed his eyes—dismissed the foreign exchange at the ferris wheel as just that. Being too caught up in the moment. Not having kissed a girl for a few months since his last relationship. Not having been as close to his best friend as he usually was. Confusing these new strange emotions for something that they weren't. Because what he felt for George wasn't romantic. It was more than that.

Because they were best friends. They were best friends, and even if Dream *was* gay, romantic feelings for George would only complicate their friendship and put it at risk, and he never wanted to lose George.

Besides, Dream wasn't gay. That he knew.

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"I can't believe you embarrassed me like that in front of all my teammates," George whined as they made their way out of the building.

Dream wheezed, slapping his thigh and stealing glances at George's pout as they walked to his car. "You should've seen your face!"

"But did you *really* have to yell and I quote ' *You got this Georgie! I'll let you rail me if you win* '?"

"It was the best part!"

George scoffed. Before he could open the passenger door himself, Dream swiftly slid in front of him and opened it for him. The glare George directed him sent Dream back into wheezes.

He drove them back to campus swaying to the beat of Taylor Swift's *Players Gonna Play* and mouthing the lyrics while stealing playful glimpses at George who continuously rolled his eyes.

At one point during the drive, George huffed as he checked his phone notifications. "You're an idiot."

"What did I do now?"

"That team picture you photobombed? Everyone in the robotics team and technology club is commenting their congratulations. Vurb wrote '*i cant believe dnf came true before skephalo, fucking finally!* '"

Dream looked over at his screen when he stopped at a traffic light, smirking as he saw the picture posted to the robotics team Twitter where Dream was peeking his head over George's shoulder with his arms wrapped around him and George's face was basically a tomato. "Look at that. We

make a cute couple.”

George scoffed, but he didn’t comment on it. Dream couldn’t help his curiosity at that. “Do you?”

“What?”

“Do you think we’d make a cute couple?”

George snorted and muttered, “Why would you ask that?”

“Just curious.”

Although Dream couldn’t bring himself to look him straight in the eyes, he peeked at him through the reflection of his touch screen stereo. George seemed to think hard into it, and after a few seconds of silence when Dream was about to bring up some dumb excuse to backtrack on his words, George replied, “I don’t know. They seem to think so.”

They didn’t comment on it further, though Dream couldn’t help but smile a little harder when George got out of his car and his apartment neighbor also shouted congratulations at them.

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“You better start figuring out where you’re gonna get those 250 bucks, Sapnap.” Dream sent his best friend a side-grin to which he replied to with a scoff. They were at their usual chill spot (otherwise known as Quackity’s basement), huddled in the couches watching a replay of the Super Bowl.

“You gotta admit they’re doing pretty well,” Karl said while setting the popcorn bowls on the coffee table and slumping down on the spot by Sapnap. He gestured toward where Dream was scooted close to George with his arm resting on the couch behind him, the latter who was distractedly sending out reminder messages to his team’s GroupMe.

“Nah, they haven’t even kissed,” Quackity laughed as he slumped across the middle sofa.

“Who says we haven’t?” Dream raised both eyebrows.

“I *know* you haven’t. You’re too chicken to actually kiss Gogy,” Sapnap added.

“You wanna bet more money on that?”

“We are not kissing, Dream,” said George as he continued typing, not bothering to even glance at him.

Dream laughed pressing closer to him. “Aw, not even a little smooch? Come on, George. It’s not gay if we have socks on.”

“I’m not gonna kiss your nasty mouth.”

“Oh Gogy’s been dying to kiss that nasty mouth for ages now,” Sapnap teased.

George looked up and threw him a pillow at that, sending him the death glare. Seeing the opportunity open up and without thinking much of it Dream took the chance to steal a quick peck on his cheek, leaving George a blushing mess.

“Why would you do that?”

“Admit it. You liked it.” Dream squeezed him closer, pressing his smile into George’s hair. It was becoming a normal thing for him to do, and he couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed at the fact he wouldn’t be able to cuddle George when they went back to normal the following week.

George pushed him away slightly with a quiet groan but didn’t unwrap Dream’s arm from around him. From across the room, Karl and Sapnap were smiling and stealing glances at each other like they knew something they didn’t.

Dream huffed, hesitantly unhooking his arm. He swore he heard George let out a small whine in protest, though he forced himself to ignore it pretty quickly. “Let’s play a round of Smash Bros. I can’t wait to beat Sapnap for the millionth time.”

“Oh fuck you.”

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They’d snuck out plenty of times. So often it was practically normal.

Their friends didn’t bat an eye. Not as they exited the run-down discount movie theater laughing while recalling several scenes of the comedy they’d just watched. Not while Dream leaned on George for support as he wheezed his lungs out. Not as George insisted they go pick up an apple pie from his favorite pastry shop down the road. Not as Dream took his hand, if anything for the purpose of making him blush, and dragged him toward it, waving goodbye to their friends who headed toward Karl’s car.

Even though Sapnap had arrived with them and they were planning another game night at Quackity’s tonight, they still walked off seeing as despite always ending up doing their own little thing by themselves, they always met up with the crew after.

This was just another one of those days, and though some people might’ve considered it a date, Dream had never seen it as such. It was just him and George by themselves enjoying their time together—as they did often.

So why did it feel so different this time around? Sitting at the park swings munching on their apple pie and silently watching the sky surrender its warmth to the darkness.

After having a dumb conversation about who in their crew would be more likely to elope with a random girl in Vegas, they fell into a comfortable silence.

A question edged at Dream’s throat—one that he’d been wondering about since the first day, one that had progressively nudged at him but he’d never really had the guts to ask despite knowing George would truthfully, and without a problem, answer it. It wasn’t George’s reaction he was afraid of though.

“How did you find out you liked guys?”

The rattle of the creaky swing next to him died out. And when he turned, George had stopped his gentle rock on the swing and seemed to be caught off-guard. Seconds felt like minutes as they sat in silence, and Dream bit his tongue to prevent himself from pressing him.

“A few months before breaking up with An I realized I was developing feelings for someone else.

And then I realized what I had for her was never love, just friendly affection.”

Dream furrowed his eyebrows. Hearing him say that was a complete shock seeing as George had never dated anyone past An and he’d never told Dream he was interested in anyone after that either. Not to mention, as far as Dream could tell, George wasn’t that comfortable talking to other people about the topic, or at least he’d never caught onto any hint that Sapnap would know either. “You developed feelings for a guy?”

George silently nodded.

Dream couldn’t help the tight feeling blooming in his chest, and before he could stop himself, he replied, “Who?”

George tensed in his spot. It felt like a silent response, one Dream could not decipher and that George seemed to be uncomfortable explaining so he didn’t push the topic.

When the silence grew too much, George forced out an awkward chuckle and said, “Why do you ask? Trying to figure out if fake-dating me is finally making you realize you might be gay?”

It was a joke. It was a joke and Dream knew that, yet for some reason, it ticked him off. And without meaning to, his reply came out somewhat aggressive and cold, “*I’m not gay.*”

Dream regretted the response instantly when the air around them tensed. He opened his mouth to apologize but couldn’t seem to find the proper words.

“You didn’t have to say it like that,” George snapped as he got up.

“Wait, I didn’t mean it that way,” Dream hurriedly caught up to him by the trash bin where he had thrown out his pie container.

They locked eyes for a moment, and the eye contact felt so intense that Dream was almost driven to look away. But he didn’t.

“I didn’t mean it that way. It’s just—” He scratched the back of his head. “I guess I’m just getting tired of people calling me gay. It used to be funny but now it’s just an overused joke. I just want to get it over with, you know?”

George’s stare was indecipherable—like Dream was supposed to somehow be able to tell the meaning behind it. Frustration welled up in his stomach but George ended the topic before Dream could beg him for an explanation for this sudden weirdness between them.

“Let’s just head to Quackity’s. It’s getting dark.”

Despite wanting to continue the conversation, Dream decided it wasn’t worth it. Besides, he wasn’t even sure what to ask, and he didn’t want to rile George up further.

“Okay.”

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Dream was fuming.

Sure, he knew George and him weren't *technically* dating, but it didn't stop him from feeling mad at the asshole who was flirting with his fake boyfriend by the snack table across the room. So what if Dream was angry? It wasn't because he harbored actual feelings for George. On the contrary, he was Dream's best friend and that asshole didn't look like he had *anything* good to offer. Not to mention he was flirting with someone who was clearly (at least to the public eye) in a relationship. What kind of person did that make him? Clearly not a good one to date.

And how the hell was George even laughing that hard at *him* ? The guy couldn't possibly be that funny, at least not funnier than Dream.

"Glaring at him isn't going to make him drop dead, Dream. If you're so jealous, why don't you go get George?"

"I'm not jealous."

Sapnap looked unimpressed. Dream huffed and crossed his arms.

"Fine. I'm a little jealous. What does he even see in that guy? He looks like an asshole and a player. It doesn't even look like he works out or that he'd know *anything* about taking George on a date or that-" Dream stopped talking when he caught sight of Sapnap's I'm-done-with-you look. "What?"

"You are such a fucking dumbass," Sapnap muttered before turning to leave. "Let me know when you get your head out of your ass and actually get your man."

What the hell did *that* mean?

It wasn't until five minutes later when George was still laughing and chatting up the guy that Dream decided to step in. Sure, they weren't dating per say, but Dream wasn't about to be the laughing stock of the party.

"Hey, Georgie. What'chu up to?" Dream asked when he joined them, casually sliding his arm over his shoulders and glancing in between the asshole and him.

George tensed at the touch, and hesitantly, he said, "Dream. I thought you were hanging out with Sapnap?" His words were somewhat strained, and he attempted to lean away from his arm.

"I was, but I thought I'd come check out what my *boyfriend* was up to."

Mr. Asshole raised both eyebrows at the comment. "Oh, you two are dating?"

"Yeah," Dream quickly replied, a smirk playing out on his expression when he saw the disappointed look on his face. "We are."

The guy chuckled awkwardly. "Huh, I thought you were just close friends? I've never seen you actually kiss or anything."

Dream pursed his lips, trying not to punch him on the spot and make a scene. He really had to nerve to doubt Dream's word after he'd told him George was his partner?

Before he could speak, George muttered a half-ass goodbye and dragged Dream away, his grip tight on Dream's wrist. He found the first empty room in the house and locked them in, turning toward Dream with a red face, this one not of embarrassment.

"What the hell was that?"

“What? You flirting with some random dude at a party?”

George gaped at him, his mouth opening and closing like he didn’t quite know what to do with that. “Are you jealous?”

Dream scoffed, slumping down on the desk chair in the room and running a hand through his hair. “No. Of course not. I just don’t think that guy looks good for you. Plus, we’re *technically* dating until Monday.”

“There is no *technically*, Dream. We’re not dating. Period. So I can talk and flirt and sleep with and do whatever the hell I want with whoever the hell I want.”

“We agreed to-”

“We agreed to nothing!” George flung his arms at his sides in frustration, pacing back and forth in front of him. It was a bit intimidating, he admitted. George was never one to lose his temper. “*You* and *Sapnap* agreed to this. *You* and *Sapnap* bet on me without even asking me first. *You* and *Sapnap* are the ones treating relationships and feelings like they’re a fucking game!”

Frowning, Dream stood up, halting in front of George with his fists clenched at his sides. “If you didn’t want to do it, then why did you agree to it?”

“Because!” George stepped forward, and Dream’s breath hitched at how close they were standing, so close he could feel George’s soft breath on his chin. “You two were never going to drop it. Sapnap was going to keep insisting I-” He froze, their eyes locked and their noses brushing. He pursed his lips, plush and pink and so kissable. And at that second, all Dream wanted to do was feel them.

George pulled away. He turned away and exhaled loud. “Why don’t you go ask Sapnap about it? I’m done with this stupid bet.”

And he walked out. Leaving Dream frozen to his spot as he processed all the confusing emotions clouding his mind. Sapnap? What did Sapnap have to do with this? Why did it feel like the bet wasn’t the only thing George was angry about?

Exhausted, Dream decided he needed some time to think, so after grabbing his jacket and saying his goodbyes to a few friends, he made his way out of the party. All the drive back to his house, there was only one question superseding the rest.

What had George meant by treating feelings like a game?

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It was a stormy Sunday afternoon.

Dream hated stormy afternoons. It was the kind of storm that took away the sunny skies at the edge of the Spring and left what could be an otherwise beautiful day wasted. The air was tepid and sticky. The clouds above him parted, their thundering wails resounding throughout the city and striking the earth with its hot flashes. His socks were cold and dingy and wet from where he had accidentally stepped in a puddle crossing the street to knock on Sapnap’s apartment.

They said nothing. Sapnap opened the door, saw him huddled outside it drenched with his hands inside his pockets, and let him in without a word.

Sapnap's apartment smelled pleasantly fresh. Oddly enough, it was clean, which probably meant that he was either expecting someone or had had someone over.

"Take off your jacket before you sit or you're going to get the couches all wet."

"Where's Karl?"

"Out with his mom. She came to visit." Sapnap offered him a water bottle, and Dream took it without hesitating.

"Oh."

Sapnap sat down on the other couch. The sky released a mighty roar outside and the pitter-pattered on the window loudened. "Yeah."

"I've been thinking."

"What a miracle."

Dream sent him a glare but otherwise kept talking. "George and I had an argument yesterday, and he said something weird."

"What did he say?"

Dream pressed back on the sofa, taking a sip of his water after he felt his mouth dry up. He thought about his words thoroughly. "He was really mad that we were betting on our relationship and... he said that you'd insisted on something but he didn't finish his sentence. He just left after that and- well, I just want to know what you two talked about. He seemed really angry about it and I-" He wasn't sure where he was going with his sentence, so he stopped.

Sapnap examined him through narrowed eyes for a moment. "What did you do?"

Dream groaned. He wiped his face with his hands and laid his head back, glaring up at the ceiling somewhat frustratedly. "I fucked up."

"No kidding."

"I told the guy he was talking to we were dating and George got mad and dragged me away to talk and shouted at me for stepping in."

"Why did you?"

Dream hesitated before admitting, "I was jealous."

There was a pause before Sapnap snickered, and when Dream glanced at him again, his friend was sitting back with his arms crossed and a goofy smirk plastered on his face. "So you finally admit it."

Dream furrowed his eyebrows, not fully understanding what he meant. "Admit what?"

"You're in love with him."

Silence.

His breathing slowed, and he was suddenly keenly aware of the cold leather of the couch beneath his fingertips. He stared at Sapnap, waiting for the punchline of the joke. But it never came.

“No,” Dream finally replied. But the word felt strange in his mouth. Like it was a stranger who’d said it.

“You are.”

With his eyebrows scrunched, Dream turned to the coffee table, his eyes tracing over the selfie George, Sapnap, Karl and him had taken the prior year when they’d visited New York. Dream’s arm was rooted over George’s shoulder in the picture and his other hand was giving him a noogie. His best friend had his mouth wide open like he was screaming bloody murder. And Dream could almost hear his boyish shriek through the picture.

He swallowed. “What I feel for George isn’t romantic. I love him, but I’m not *in love* with him.”

“Really? Then describe to me how you feel about him.”

Dream contemplated the question for a moment before he answered.

“It feels like he’s the only one who really understands me. Like when I’m with him, I can’t stop smiling and even the stupidest joke makes me laugh so hard I can’t breathe, and just hearing him laugh. Just hearing him—” his breath hitched. “—those are the moments that keep me up at night smiling so hard I can’t sleep. It’s like we’re drawn to each other, like even if we lived an ocean away, we’d still find warmth together. I don’t know what I’d do without him. I can’t remember what life was before meeting him, before hearing his voice over the phone every day, before tackling him into random hugs he tries to escape from but that I know he loves. Because he’d never let anyone else hug him like that. It feels like—”

He paused. The thumping inside his chest growing brighter and heavier, like a string was slowly winding and taking his breath away. Like even the impact of a single droplet of water could shatter him at that second—break him into pieces that he’d never be able to put back. That would leave a scar, that even when healed, would be engraved in his skin forever to remind him of this moment every time he looked in the mirror. Every time he thought of him. Dream had never felt so terrified and elated all at once.

“Like I love him.”

Sapnap didn’t answer. He didn’t have to. Dream stood up and hurriedly snatched his jacket from the coat hanger.

“Where are you going?”

Dream looked over his shoulder as he reached for the door. “I fucked up and I need to fix it.”

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“George. Open the door, I know you’re in there!” Dream yelled as he stood outside his apartment cold, wet, and shivering. He slammed his palm against the door again, almost mirroring the racket from the strengthening storm outside. “Please, I just want to talk.”

He heard the lock behind the door unlatch, and when George's face came into view, he didn't even let him speak before blurting out, "I love you."

George stared at him like he was crazy, his mouth opening and closing and his eyebrows creased together.

"I love you." Dream took a step forward, his fingertips gently grazing over his waist as his eyes drowned in the other's. His hair felt sticky and cold against his forehead and he was panting from the flight of stairs he'd just rushed up. But he didn't care about anything at that moment. "I'm sorry it took me so long to figure it out."

The silence drew out, only making the echo of his pulse inside his head more evident. George's emotions were practically unreadable besides the shock on his expression. Had he misunderstood things? Did George not feel the same way about him? Was that not what he'd meant by feelings? By what he'd told him at the park?

But as soon as the doubt started setting in and he opened his mouth to say something, anything, that would prevent him from ruining their friendship, George surged forward and pressed their lips together.

There were no fireworks. It was just Dream and George. Him and his best friend. Kissing. They were kissing and it was the best kiss Dream had ever received. It made every hair on his body stand up, and it took him a second for him to fully process what was happening and for his arms to wrap around George and pull him impossible close, their bodies merging together as one, his wet clothing staining George's white shirt.

Dream pushed him inside and slammed the door close behind them, pressing him against the wall and breathing him in. The coconut in his hair. The comforting heat surrounding him. The fresh, clean scent of his body wash on his neck.

It was messy and raw and full of pent-up frustration from a lifetime of lies. Not once did Dream consider that it could be a mistake. Not once did Dream contemplate what it would mean for them. For him. For his sexuality. For their friendship.

For once, Dream only let himself indulge and melt into George's grasp and think about the way George's soft mouth felt against his own, how their tongues melded together into an eager dance. How his cold hands slipped under his shirt and he felt George shiver at his fingertips tracing up his chest.

"You're an idiot," George said as they parted, pressing their foreheads together and holding his face with both hands. His smile was big and bright and beautiful and Dream wanted to carve the image of it into his brain to remember it every time he closed his eyes. "An absolute idiot."

Pressing another quick peck to his lips, Dream laughed. "So you've said."

"But you're my idiot."

End Notes

I hope y'all enjoyed! If you haven't yet, go check out all the wonderful fics in the MCYT Valentine's Day collection! It was such an honor being included in this collection with so

many wonderful authors!! :)) Thank you for reading!

(pssst if you're interested in a super power dnf/dteam/mcyt road trip longfic slow burn au, go check out [Aether's Legacy](#))

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